

Miscarriage Meditations

by Jennifer Aikman

At every turn
a **babe**

The supermarket overflows
some carts boast two or three
reaching for the artichokes
wailing when ignored
The Fates are not fair

At home—
The gifts received in joy
now torment
Nonetheless—the books, the bottles
are put away (not returned)
for Later
(Hope triumphant over Fear)

But for Now
Her body, primed to nurture,
is strangely vacant
strangely alone
“All dressed up
with no place to go,” says she
“Womb for rent,”
says he
they laugh
till they cry

And the maddening
forever-on confusion
“Our first child. . .”
What is meant:
The future one that lives
or this one
that did not?